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Title: The Story of Sir Wolfen

Author: Wolfen  
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I do not know when it  
was when I awoke,  
nor do I know where it  
was. All I truly  
knew was that I had  
been asleep for a very  
long time, that I was  
no longer in Yew, and  
that I was hungrier  
than I had ever been in  
my entire lifetime.  
When I awoke my  
stomach shook and  
groaned, for I had not  
eaten in a while, and I  
felt a warm and thick  
liquid in mine eyes.  
When I reached to feel  
what it was I realized  
it was blood, my own  
blood none the less.  
And that I had a gash  
in my forehead the  
size of my second and  
third fingers put  
together. The sight of  
blood was not a new  
sight to me, but the  
sight of my own,...  
something I had not  
seen in what it felt  
like centuries. I  
quickly fell asleep  
again under no control  
of my own. When I  
awoke I looked upon the  
most beautiful and  
elegant face of a  
woman unlike any  
other I had ever seen.  
She patted my forehead  
with something that  
felt like a wet cloth or  
sponge, I could not tell.  
I was too busy studying  
the face of the woman  
in front of me. So  
entranced by her

beauty I did not hear  
the words she spoke to  
me. As I scanned  
down her face I did  
notice her curved lips  
move, and that made  
me listen to what she  
had to say.

"I had to begun to give  
up on you sir, you  
have been inveloped in  
the deepest sleep I  
have ever seen for  
almost 2 fortnights.  
If it is not to much  
trouble or to painful,  
might I ask your name  
good sir?"

"Wolfen of Yew, son  
of Wolfbane and third  
son of the house of  
Athanlar." Is what I  
replied. As I spoke  
those words a puzzled  
look overcame her  
face. I asked her,  
"M'lady, why dost  
thou look so troubled?  
Have I said something  
to upset you so? If I  
have then let me  
apologize for my  
words." She looked into  
my eyes, still patting  
my forehead ever so  
gently. Her grey eyes  
seemingly peering into  
my very soul. She  
spoke these words in  
reply," Sir Wolfen,  
correct me if I am  
wrong, but, this Yew  
that ye speak of does  
not exist sire. I could  
be wrong, but  
understand I know  
these lands well, and  
have been in most  
every city, town, and  
village from here to  
Hastral, and explored  
the barren areas  
beyond, and yet this  
Yew ye speak of.... I  
am sorry but I have  
not seen nor heard of  
such a place."

All of the color in my

face seemed to fade  
away, and my teeth I  
began to grind as I  
thought to myself- " I  
know my lands  
fairly well also, and  
Hastral? The barren  
lands beyond? Those  
places only exist in  
The Lands Of The  
Wolven, a damned  
place it is said that  
those of Wolven Kind  
roam, and those of  
Wolven Kind rule.  
Can it be?! Are the  
myths true?!" She  
seemed to sense my  
worry and disbelief.  
"Maybe ye should lie  
back and rest a bit  
longer, relax  
yourself. When ye  
awake again we will  
discuss what has  
happend to you."  
She patted my  
shoulder with the  
same cloth and made  
me aware of another  
wound I had on my  
torn body. She reached  
over with her other  
hand and pulled  
something whitish out  
of my shoulder, it  
seemed to be an  
extremely pointed,  
razer sharp tooth. At  
that point with my  
body pulsating with  
pain, I went  
unconscious again.  
When I awoke for the  
third time, It seemed  
that night had  
befallen. I was alone  
in a seemingly empty  
small cottage lit with a  
few candels. As I sat  
up I noticed my sword  
lying on a desk next to  
a few other shining  
blades and some other  
items of interest. I  
started to step slowly  
out of bed for fear of  
sleep claiming me

again. I started to walk towards the desk to examine my sword and the others. But before I reached the desk I noticed my blood drenched clothes were laying in a pile beside the desk of blades. I made my decision to find other items of clotheing to wear later and just wear my shorts for now. As I picked up each sword I noticed a different wolf head on the end of each golden and silver handel, I also noticed a round emblem on the begining of each sword blade. The emblems all rezembled a wolf pack. Then I picked up my blade and saw the same things on it. The only difference between my sword and the six others was that mine was blood stained. At that moment I became woozy, but did not pass out, I sat down on the cold floor and thought of all the stories I had heard about the Wolven Lands, the Wolven Kind, and the Fabled Seven. The Fabled Seven were a group of seven Wolven warriors who were feared by all, even the just feared them for the Fabled Seven were not good but nor were they evil. They took what they wanted, helped who they chose to, and answerd to no one, not even the king himself. They feared no man, and they didn't have a reason to,

they were the  
strongest, smartest,  
and most skilled of all  
Man Kind and all  
Wolven Kind.

Suddenly as I was  
contemplating this in  
my head, the door  
swung open and the  
lady I spoke of earlier  
was standing there  
with a seemingly  
shocked look on her  
face. "Sir, ye should  
nay be out of the  
bed. You need rest. To  
walk 'round and work  
at things will only  
make yer condition  
much worse."

At this point I stood  
upward with the  
Wolven sword in mine  
hands raised at the  
woman. "Ye have  
decieved me vile  
temptress! Ye plan my  
death, or the  
reserection of the  
Fabled Seven. And I  
shall nay be a part of  
either." As I said  
those words I felt  
weak and dropped face  
first on the floor.

When I awoke I was  
not in the same house I  
was in before. I was  
in a Healers house I  
knew well in Yew.

"Where, where am I?

Arg, all a dream?

Nay, it was so real, so  
vivid! I felt the pain as  
that damned tooth was  
being pulled from my  
very shoulder!" At  
that I checked my  
shoulder and yes,  
there was a bandage  
there soaked in blood. I  
also felt my head for  
that gash. And yet  
again it was there  
much to my dismay.

"But I was not here  
before! NAY, I was in  
the WOLVEN LANDS

I TELL YOU!  
WHY DO YOU NOT  
BELIEVE ME!!!!!"

To this day I have not  
seen the city, or any  
other town for that  
matter. Locked away  
in a small cell with  
steel bars and labled a  
mad man. But ye and I  
both know what  
truely happend. Right  
lad?Aye, and we will  
always know the  
truth! And they will  
be none the wiser of it  
all!